

Clarke, Annie
Dawnlight and evensong

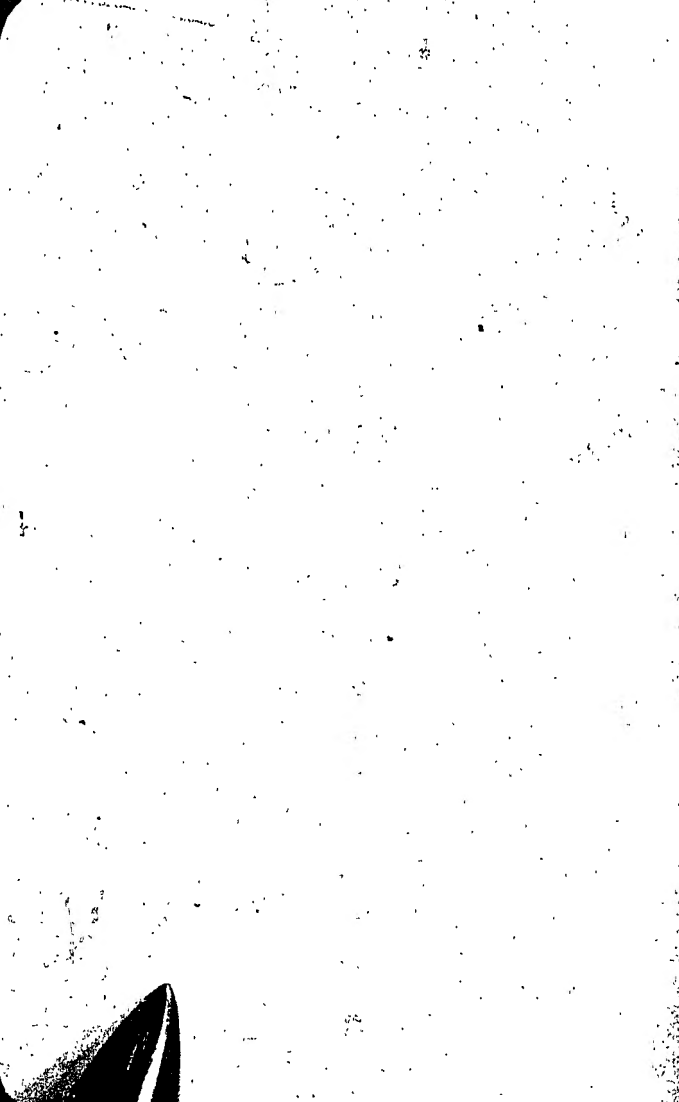
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Dawnlight and Evensong



P O E M S
BY
ANNIE CLARKE



DAWNLIGHT
AND
EVENSONG

W. A. White & Co.

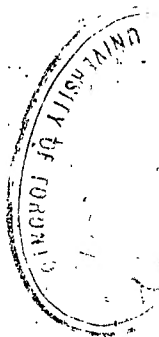
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Dawnlight and Evensong



POEMS
BY
ANNIE CLARKE

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TO KATE

PREFACE

Have I a little gift of song
It is Thy gift to me;
And, fearful lest I do Thee wrong,
I bring it back to Thee:
And if some soul shall strengthened be
By rhymèd word of mine,
The word and power have come from Thee,
And all the praise is Thine.

If I should dare to take and use
The gift bestowed by Thee
In other ways than ~~Thou~~ wouldst choose—
Then, Lord, in love for me
Lay Thy dear, piercèd hand on mine
Till I have surely known—
That all I have is only Thine,
And nothing of my own.

I gratefully acknowledge the kind co-operation of Mrs. E. S. Hall, without whose help this book would not have been published.

A number of poems from "Light Amid the Shadows" are reprinted in this collection by request.

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Dawnlight and Evensong

FROM MY WINDOW

Just a wealth of apple-blossom
Flung across the blue;
Blood-red bud and fainter petal,
Bright with morning dew;
Brown of branch and green of leaflet,
Bird upon the bough—
Winter's dole and death and darkness
All forgotten now.

Lovely pledge of fruit unfolding
All the golden day,
Kissed by laughing baby breezes
Where the sunbeams play;
Life from death, and light from darkness,
Color out of gloom,
Love's deep mystery and gladness
Told in radiant bloom.

TINTS

Pearl-grey, silver-grey, green-grey, see
All the tinges of grey that be,
Shimmering over the gleaming sea;
And grey spread over the sky, like a veil
Thin and delicate, pure and pale.

Pearl-white, milk-white, snow-white, see
All the changes of white that be;
White is the curling lip of the sea,
White are the sea-gull's wing and breast,
And white the clouds that pillar the west.

Light blue, dark blue, cloudy blue, see
Faintest tintings of blue that be:
Blue on the far-off edge of the sea,
Blue on the mountains, misty and high,
And blue behind the grey in the sky.

THE SCULPTOR

The Sculptor works with care;
A hammer and a chisel are His tools.
He carves His own fair image in the stone
That cost Him all He had to buy—and now
He stoops above it, toiling day by day,
Unceasing through the patient years, because
His heart is in His work.

GALILEE

'Tis night; the sea of Galilee is dreaming as she
sleeps;
The stars are mirrored in her calm; the moon
her vigil keeps.

One boat is passing swiftly through the gleam-
ing, oar-dipped sea;
And one Man rests while others work—no
fisherman is He!

He talks with them a Man with men, They
call Him Nazarene;
His hands are worn with toil, and yet He has
a kingly mien.

His looks are sweeter than the peace that broods
upon the sea;
His eyes are calmer than the sky that smiles
on Galilee.

* * *

'Tis night; the sudden clouds are hurled along
the darkened sky;
The wind-swept lake is lashed to foam; the
angry waves run high,

And like a leaf the boat is flung along the
roaring deep—
But while men cry in shuddering fear, one Man
lies there asleep!

The strange, sweet calm of Heaven itself is on
His tired Face;
And in the midst of noise and wreck he finds a
resting-place.

The rush of wind and water falls unheeded on
His ear,
But never yet the piteous cry of anguish or of
fear!

He wakes; He speaks; and at His word the
hurrying storm-clouds flee—
The voice that spake a leper clean now stills
the raging sea.

The conquered waves lie at His feet; the van-
quished wind is gone;
And rowed by wond'ring, awe-struck men, the
boat sways slowly on.

* * *

O troubled, tempted soul, behold a picture here
of thee!
Thy rebel, helpless heart is like the lake of
Galilee.

There sudden storms of passion rise that thou
canst ne'er control,
And loud the tempests crash, and high the
angry billows roll.

And thou hast tried, but knowest well thou
never canst restrain
The passions of thy restless heart; thy toil has
been in vain.

Yet art thou His? Then know that He doth
ever dwell with thee;
Thy soul-storms are no more to Him than cloud
and wind and sea.

Cry thou to Him who always hears, and let Him
have His will ;
No strife but sinks to sleep before His whisper
"Peace, be still !"

And as His peace controls and keeps, thy grate-
ful heart shall say,
"Behold, what wondrous Man is this, whose
wind and waves obey !"

THE THREE COMINGS

Who is this that cometh, lowly,
Scorned, unknown ?
'Tis the Saviour, who the wine-press
Trod alone.

A Man of Sorrows, bearing day by day
The patient burden of a world's deep woe ;
Who when men gave Him hate and scorn, could
pray

With heart that wept, because they would not
know.
God's love shone in His eyes, divinely-sweet ;
The shadow of a cross fell at His feet.

Until one awful noon, that shadow drear
Was lost in darkness denser than the night.
A day when strong men's faces paled with fear,
The great earth reeled, the sun could give no
light ;

And all in heaven and hell were gathered where
A Man the world's great load of sin did bear.

Behold the Son of God, of God abhorred !
Forsaken in that hour of shame and dread ;
All God's almighty anger there outpoured,
His vials emptied on that thorn-crowned
Head.

Hated of men, whom demons dare despise,
Slain by God's wrath, the Man of Sorrows dies

* * *

Who is this that cometh, radiant
In the air?
"This same Jesus," and His myriads
Meet Him there.

He comes, but not a Man of Sorrows now;
No more a cross of shame, a crown of thorn;
No more the tears and blood, the smitten brow,
Men's mockery, or demon's hate and scorn.
Joy of His Father's heart, of heaven the prize,
He comes, a Bridegroom hasting for His bride.

Chiefest among ten thousand, fairer far
Than all the fairest sons of men, is He.
O brighter, brighter than the morning star
That flings its radiance on the waiting sea!
Men see Him not, whom once they dared disown,
His loveliness is for the Bride alone.

The same sweet tenderness and gentle grace
That wooed and drew the children to His side,
Will shine, but with no shadow, from His face,
As He speeds gladly forth, to greet His bride.
Sing, O my longing heart, for He may come
Ere the day falls asleep, to call thee Home!

* * *

Who is this that cometh, lordly,
Once again?
King of Kings, by men rejected,
Judge of men!

Once more, once more the Son of God appears;
In clouds and wondrous glory is He seen;
And mighty men are smitten down with fears
Before the once rejected Nazarene.
The darkened heaven with His thunder rings,
He comes, the Lord of lords, the King of kings!

Before Him mountains quake and islands flee
Depart the heavens like a mighty scroll;
No more the shining stars, the sleeping sea
No more of aught but doom and wrath and
dole.

He pleaded long, with out-stretched, pierced
hands,

But now as Judge of all the earth He stand

And kings and mighty men, and high and low
Cry to the riven rocks, to hide their shame
All who despised the Man of love and
Now face a wrathful God, with eyes of flame
And He who once the love of sinners sought
Speaks hopeless doom, "Depart! I know ye
not!"

SERVING

The hands that miss a long-loved clasp
May soothe a neighbor's pain;
The heart that mourns its emptiness
Shall still in giving gain.

Play the high hypocrite, and seem
Careless of thine own care;
Let no repining pass thy lips,
Bravely thy burden bear.

Let not the trouble reach thy face,
Smile, though thy heart be sad;
Only in secret make thy moan,
Let others think thee glad.

Well mayest thou forget thyself
While God remembers thee;
And what thou only seemest now
Sure thou shalt one day be.

RELINQUISHMENT

I dreamed of Life in garb of beauty drest ;
Of love, and victory, and high behest —
I dreamed of mighty deeds, and glorious quest.

I thought my Lord would make me glad and
strong

To wield a sword, and sing a triumph-song
In stress of battle, where the dangers throng.

I saw in vision fair a golden plain
Where I had sown—perchance in toil and pain—
And dreamed of countless sheaves of ripened
grain.

* * *

But what ? A narrow path and darkened ways :
Long, lonely years, and barren-seeming days ;
And oftentimes a heart too faint for praise.

What more ? So scanty harvest where I toiled !
My more than half-day passed — high purpose
foiled,

So little done, a lifework seeming-spoiled !

Assailed and conquered oft by discontent,
I proved my will was only evil-bent,
And slowly, sadly learned Relinquishment.

But all undone, unworthy and unmeet,
I come heart-weary to the wounded feet
Of Him I love, and find the coming sweet.

Broken and useless, whither should I go
Save only unto Him who loves me so,
Cleanses from all, and makes me white as snow !

Let others strong in glorious service stand,
Yet let me be the thing Thy love has planned,
Moulded and fashioned by a piercèd hand.

A cup wherein the living waters brim,
Or lamp whose light the death-mists cannot dim,
That men may see, beholding only Him.

My faith looks up ; there is no power in me
A brimming cup or lighted lamp to be :
But, O my Lord, all fulness dwells in Thee !

SINGING IN THE SNOW

Not a ray of golden sunlight
Came to cheer the sullen day,
Not a rift among the storm-clouds
Showed the blue behind the gray.
Snow was falling, whirling, tossing,
All around, above, below ;
But a little bird was singing
Softly, sweetly, in the snow.

Did it sing because of gladness
Stored in summer noontides past ?
Pent-up joyance, kept and hidden,
Brimming, leaping out at last ?
Sweet is singing in the summer,
When the roses bud and blow ;
But no sweeter strain was ever
Than the bird-song in the snow.

Did it sing because of springtime
Soon to burst in light and sound,
Pulsing through the barren branches,
Thrilling up the frozen ground ?
Pledge of life, and fruit, and harvest,
Colour, fragrance, gleam and glow —
Blessings on the happy herald
Singing bravely in the snow !

Heart of mine, be glad while passing
From these shores of death and doom ;
Sing while clouds and darkness gather,
Songs are sweetest in the gloom.
Child of glory, heir of heaven,
What if tempests rage below ?
Be thou like the cheery songster
Singing bravely in the snow !

MORNING

The night is gone, and in the eastern skies
Dawns a slow light, like joy in waking eyes ;
And misty tints, like opals dimly gleaming,
Fall on the fair, pale clouds that lie a-dreaming.

Shy as reluctant Love, each sun-kissed flower
Uplifts her face to greet the golden hour ;
And budding leaves, in rapture with their duty,
Clothe the bare boughs with young Life's throbbing beauty.

Silence is stirred to tender music-words,
Bird-mothers brooding over baby-birds ;
A young wind wakes, and but a moment after,
Plays with the lake and shakes it into laughter.

O Thou who sendest morning after night,
Reign in my heart, and make its darkness light !
Thou who dost flood the world with birds' sweet singing,
Speak to my soul, and set its joy-bells ringing !

FROM INDIA

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." — Mark xvi. 15.

"The King's business requireth haste." — 1 Sam. xxi. 8.

A woman I, a thing that has no soul.
So say our masters, and it may be true ;
No soul have I, they say — but only a heart
To love, and suffer daily martyrdom,
To bear such pain, such anguish keen and long
As men with souls can never feel nor know.

I had a sister, in my father's house,
Long, long ago. She was his favorite —
(We were twin-sisters, but he loved me not)
Her beauty pleased him, and her sweetness
touched —

And so life held some little joy for her.
But while the child-smile lingered on her lips,
Before the woman dawned in her deep eyes,
The shrouded phantom came whom men call
Death.

And with relentless finger touched her brow
And silenced her life's music. As for me,
I clasped the tiny hands in mine as small,
And wildly prayed the gods to take me too.
But gods are deaf when women-children pray
And I lived lonely on.

They married me
Soon after, to a husband thrice my age;
Sold me to him, and I became his wife,
His slave, his plaything—to be cast aside
When he was weary of me. But there came
A strange, great gladness into my dark life—
I clasped a little son in rapturous arms;
His downy head was nestled to my breast,
And baby-music thrilled my listening ears.
Just one short year of love and bliss untold,
And then—my baby died.

I might have known
Such joy was not for me.

The days dragged on,
And then the father of my little child
Followed him whither he had gone before,
Whither I may not follow. O! ye gods!
If women have no souls, why should they have
Hearts that can bear such torture, yet live on?
They tore away the trinkets from my hair,
They wrenched the bracelets from my bruised
arms,

Mocking and cursing whom the gods had cursed.
And now, the meanest drudgery is mine,
I am ill-fed and beaten, clothed in rags,
And looking for the death that will not come.

I heard a story once, from an old nurse—
(I know not how or when it came to her)
A strange, sweet tale, too lovely to be true.
She said a God descended to the earth

From His high home, and, loving all mankind,
Became a little, stainless, helpless child,
Calling a woman mother. So He grew
To beauteous manhood, human and divine.
The little children crowded to His feet,
And mothers brought their tiny babes to Him
That He might gather them within His arms
And bless them. Once a widowed mother
mourned

Her dear dead son; and when the kingly Man
Beheld her grief, He spoke a word of power,
And lo! — a living son restored to her!
No wonder that the women followed Him
And ministered to Him from town to town.
He was so good to women! When He died
(Men murdered Him) His latest kindly thought
Was for His mother. When He rose again
(For so the story goes) He first appeared
To women, making them His messengers
Of comfort. Ah, how glad they must have been
To run His errands! More than that, He taught
That they should live again, and be with Him
In that new life to which His dreadful death
In some strange way had made an open door:
And He commanded men and women both
To carry the glad tidings everywhere,
That sin and misery need be no more.
And that for lost mankind He had prepared
A home where pain and death could never come.

A perfect tale, too lovely to be true!
If it were true, how glad and swift had been
The feet of those He made His messengers
Of peace! And they who heard the story told
Which kindled love and hope in their sad lives,
How they had joined the happy ranks, and sped
From town to town, and crossed the boundless
seas,
The trackless deserts and the mountain slopes,
Nor ever rested from their joyful task
Until the whole wide world had heard the tale,
And clasped the comfort to its troubled heart,
And laid its homage at the God-man's feet!

MOTHER-SONG

Daylight comes dancing down the hill,
Wake, my baby, wake;
Little one, are you sleepy still?
Wake, my baby, wake.
First let me give you this, and this;
Mother's glad heart poured out in a kiss
On lips of laughter and eyes of bliss—
Wake, my baby, wake!

Someone was watching as night went by,
Wake, my baby, wake;
Someone who loves you more than I,
Wake, my baby, wake:
Once He was just a child like you,
Bright and sweet as the morning dew,
Cradled in mother-love as He grew—
Wake, my baby, wake!

* * *

Twilight comes dreaming down the dale,
Sleep, my baby, sleep;
Her trailing garments are pure and pale,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.
With a floating veil of shining mist
Caught by the dying light, and kissed;
And a lullaby low for those who list—
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

Nothing can harm when the shadows fall,
Sleep, my baby, sleep,
Infinite love is brooding o'er all,
Sleep, my baby, sleep.
Dear, you are mine, and we are His;
Now drift away to your dream-land bliss,
All mother's heart in a last, sweet kiss—
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

EASTER-TIDE

The stainless flowers that bloom today
More fair than fairest dreaming —
Drew from the darkness and the clay
Their spotless robes, white-gleaming.
“Life out of death,” the lilies say;
“Rejoice, rejoice this Easter-day!”

So from the Death of deaths there came
The resurrection-glory;
We read upon that Cross of shame
Love's deepest, grandest story;
And sing, this happy Easter-tide,
The deathless love of Him who died.

Lo, from the grave of doom and loss
Eternal flowers are growing,
And ever from the “timeless Cross”
The living streams are flowing.
Oh heart, thy risen Lord adore;
Behold, He liveth evermore!

JACK

Bonny little three-year old,
(Curls of brown with gleam of gold)
Loved a baby fair and small,
But it had no hair at all!

This was very sad, you see;
Babies bald should never be!
In his heart the wonder grew —
What would tiny baby do?

So the merry little man
Hit upon a happy plan:
He will share what he has got
With the one who has it not.

In his tangled mop of hair,
There is many a curl to spare —
“Cut them off!” he coaxing said —
“Put them on the baby's head!”

* * *

Darling, may you as you grow,
Learn that other Love to know;
Loving you and baby too,
Someone gave His best for you!

MORNING JOY

The dawnlight comes with promise sweet
Of noontide glory by and by:
The shadows pass with loitering feet,
A solemn splendour mounts the sky.

The purple mountain broods apart . . .
The waiting water dreams and longs . . .
And silence holds within her heart
The music of a thousand songs.

New glories tremble through the glooms;
Afar the mists of morning roll;
And lo! my deepest sorrow blooms
To fairest fragrance in my soul.

For One who knew a darker night
Than mine, that seemed so dark to me —
Has met me in the dawning light
And set my prisoned gladness free.

LAST NIGHT

O the beauty I saw last night!
I am sad, for I may not show
All its wonder of gloom and glow;
I am sad, for I cannot tell
All the meaning and mystical spell
Fair-woven in shadow and light.

For the sky was grand to behold,
With a thin veil over the blue,
And the faint stars shining through;
And the weird cloud-ramparts below,
Clouds ebon, and purple, and snow,
Tipped at the edges with gold.

And beyond, from a space of clear sky,
Above where the dark clouds did frown,
The calm, golden moon looked down ;
And near her I saw a star shine,
Quick-flinging its bright look to mine,
While a little white cloud sailed by.

And looking to earth, I could see
Wild waters that woke to weep,
Grim mountains that smiled in sleep ;
A forest swayed sideways, and stirred
From silence to whispering word,
Vague speech that was music to me.

It was night in the earth and the sky.
Dark night — but I heard, I heard
The wild, sudden song of a bird,
Flung out from a fluttering throat,
With triumphing, soon-silenced note —
Did anyone hear it but I ?

For the human world was still ;
But maybe some souls were there,
Enticed by the sweet night air,
While the mystical moon-beams made
Their glamour of sheen and shade
On water and valley and hill.

And I wonder what it could mean
To those who were there to see ?
Did it mean to them, as to me,
Power and thought everywhere,
And a tender, unsleeping care,
Omnipotent, watching unseen ?

O marvel of shadow and light !
Sink deep, sink deep in my soul,
Deep with thy gladness and dole ;
And perhaps some day I may tell
All the meaning and might of the spell
That held me in thrall, last night !

THREE MESSAGES

I. — Wooing.

Wilt thou follow Me, beloved,
Follow day by day,
Always let Me go before thee,
Leading all the way?
Heeding not when others call thee,
Knowing but My voice,
Trusting only in My wisdom,
Glad to have no choice?

I may lead thee through the shadows
Far into the night;
But look up and sing, beloved,
Thou shalt walk in light!
Not for thee the glooming darkness,
If thou go with Me,
Thou shalt smile at shadows fleeing —
I thy Light will be.

I may lead thee into pathways
That thou hast not known;
Not where others go, but only
Thou and I, alone.
Wilt thou be content, beloved,
Still to follow Me,
Thou My deep heart satisfying —
I, enough for thee?

Won

— Dost thou stoop to plead, beloved,
With Thy blood-bought one?
— After years of patient waiting,
Wooing still Thine own?
Still Thy wounded hands outstretching,
Thorn-crown on Thy brow,
Pleading, bearing, waiting, yearning —
Wondrous Lover Thou!

I will follow where Thou leadest,
Trusting only Thee;
In the light, for in Thy presence
Darkness cannot be.

Light of life art thou, belovèd,
Night for me is o'er;
I am folded in Thy glory,
Shining evermore.

Lord, what could I do but follow?
Thou my heart hast won;
Other loves have paled, as perish
Mists before the sun.
Gazing on Thy peerless beauty,
Marred for love of me,
Other beauty fades, and only
Thy dear Face I see.

From my listless hands, unclinging,
Earth's fair baubles fall;
Now in Thee I find my treasure,
Thou art all in all.
Yet my love is lost in wonder —
Jesus, can it be,
I Thy heart am satisfying,
I, a joy to Thee?

II.— Proven — Rev. iii. 8.

I have led thee, My belovèd,
Far into the night,
Where the heavy cloud of sorrow
Almost hid the light.
Yea, I led thee into pathways
Hitherto unknown,
Where we walked amid the shadows,
Thou and I, alone.

Dark the night, and yet My presence
Made it bright to thee;
And thy willingness was precious,
Very sweet to Me.
There I whispered words of comfort
Such as ne'er before;
And I gave thee wondrous treasures
From My secret store.

Others could not bear the burden ;
Could not share with Me
Such a heavy weight of anguish
As I laid on thee.
Bitter-sweet the cup I offered —
Mingled gall and wine ;
Spite of grief and blame I made it
Sweet with love of Mine.

O My child, I held thee worthy
Thus with Me to be ;
Tasting of the cup I emptied
In Gethsemane.
Thou hast quaffed a bitter potion —
Suffering and shame —
Counting all as less than nothing
For My sake and Name.

I have tested thee, beloved,
And I know thee well ;
Me with steadfast love thou lovest,
More than tongue can tell.
Tried and proven — now lie humble,
Very still and low ;
Stay with Me until I send thee —
Then arise and go.

I have proved that thou art willing
Anything to bear ;
And I know that I can use thee
Anyhow or where.
Thou wilt welcome deeper darkness
Lighted by My smile ;
Out of darkness blessing others
In this "little while."

Thus the while we walk together
I am leading thee ;
Wilt thou be content, beloved,
Still to go with Me ?
Yea — thy deep and loyal trusting
All to me is known ;
And thy heart's best love is always
Mine, and mine alone.

I would lead thee higher, higher
Up the secret stairs,
Where no earth-born thing can ever
Enter unawares.
I have more and more of blessing,
Treasures hid for thee;
Loved one, "Satisfied with favour"
Thou shalt surely be!

III. — Till I Come

Wilt thou follow Me, beloved?
Still to thee I call;
And thy Lord would have thee follow,
Still forsaking all.
I have guided thee and kept thee
Safely day by day;
And the heart that wooed and won thee
Still would choose the way.

There are valleys where the shadows
Gather deep as night;
Where no earthbeam cleaves the darkness—
I, the only Light.
And My love may lead in pathways
Where the storm-clouds lower;
And thy feet shall oft grow weary—
But I go before.

Thou shalt tell the old, sweet story
Unto dying men;
I will use thy lips, beloved,
Oftentimes again.
Falter not though many hate thee
As they hated Me;
Share My shame, and soon My glory
I will share with thee.

I will give thee words of comfort
For the sorrowing soul;
I will send thee where thy coming
Bringeth joy for dole.

Thou the lame shalt lead and strengthen,
Blinded eyes shall see;
Captives shall come out of prison,
Fetters broken be.

I will give thee in thy battles
Wondrous victory;
Though the hosts of hell surround thee,
They shall turn and flee.
But in victory is danger —
Close to Me abide;
I would have thy triumphs send thee
Only to My side.

There are mountain-heights of rapture,
Mysteries of bliss,
Where thy Lover-Lord shall greet thee
With a lover's kiss.
Yes! and Mine own lips shall tell thee
Things before unknown,
As we climb the heights together —
Thou and I, alone.

Will thou follow Me, beloved?
Still My sweet words fall,
And thy loyal heart, responsive,
Answers to the call.
Follow till the glad morn echoes
With the shout for home;
Follow just as I shall lead thee —
Follow, "till I come!"

MARY

I had come early to the sepulchre
In the fair garden where my Lord was laid,
Bringing sweet spices for His latest need;
Hoping in one last offering to outpour
My love and longing; but I found Him not,
The grave was empty . . .

So I stood alone;
Alone, bereft, beside the vacant tomb —
The useless spices fallen from my hands —
Weeping my heart's deep agony away;
 heedless of all who passed, and seeing not
(Because of blinding tears) the One who walked
Close by my side, whom I had thought was gone,
Taken where I should see Him nevermore,
But who was waiting there to comfort me!
And when He spake, I knew Him not until
I heard the tender music of my name
Falling upon my startled, raptured ears,
From "lips like lilies"! Well I knew His voice,
The voice that years before had spoken peace
Into the stormy darkness of my life,
And made my vileness white . . .

I turned to Him,
And as the gladness flashed my tears away,
(More swiftly than the sun dispels the dew)
I saw Him there; these raptured eyes beheld
My Saviour in His risen beauty clad.
So changed, and yet the very same as when
He walked with us in Galilee.

Himself —
The cruel nail-marks in His feet and hands,
The pathos of past pain upon His Face;
The same high mien and patient nobleness
Which in its perfect and unruffled calm
Made Pilate marvel — but transfigured now,
Bright with unearthly light, and triumph-sweet,
Because the conflict was forever past,
And He the Victor!

I had seen Him last
Vanquished — the death-seal on His pallid brow,
His sad eyes closed — His face so marred — His
form
With which the murderous men and fiends had
done
All that their demon-hatred could devise.
And He had borne it, all for love of me!
But now — His beaming eyes looked into mine,

And mine beheld their tranquil tenderness;
His love-sweet voice stilled all my throbbing joy
Into a peace that mirrored Heaven's calm.
And as the tide of gladness overflowed,
I prostrate fell at those dear pierced feet,
Worshipping Him, my Lover and my Lord.
No shadow on His Face, then none on mine;
Pain past for Him, no sadness then for me—
The Cross behind, the glory all before!

GOD SO LOVED

“God so loved”—O wondrous story!
Loved a world by sin undone,
That for us He emptied heaven,
Gave His well-beloved Son.
Counted not the gift too costly,
Ruined sinners to restore;
Grace of God could reach no higher;
Love of God could do no more!

Swift He came to do the bidding,
Son of Man and Son of God;
Came from Satan's chains to free us,
Bought us back with price of blood.
Hear Him saying “It is finished!”
See Him dying on the tree;
Slain by wrath of God upon Him,
Raised by God for you and me.

Now the Spirit comes convicting,
Showing thee thy sin's dark load;
Sinner, do not thou resist Him,
Let Him lead thee to thy God,

Bring thee to the feet of Jesus ;
Ere the day of grace is o'er :
Soon the door will close forever,
God Himself can do no more !

SHELTERED

The day is dull and the cold strikes keen,
For a wind comes over the hill ;
But here in a hollow of rock I lean,
All sheltered, and warm, and still.
No breath of the blast stirs the grass at my feet,
And the flowers are motionless ;
The air is gentle, and fresh, and sweet,
It comes to me like a caress.

Below is a strip of the sandy beach,
Not far from my safe, warm nest ;
The waves rush together with noisy speech,
But here there is only rest.
Up in the air flies the angry spray,
And the sullen clouds look down ;
But their gray cannot enter my soul today,
I smile in the face of their frown.

O Thou whom we call our sheltering Rock,
Safe, safe, in Thy care we lie ;
Cradled and glad, though the storm may mock,
And the clouds come over our sky.
Sin may not touch us, nor sorrow harm,
Helpless they rage at Thy feet,
While we rest in the strength of Thy sheltering
arm,
With confidence blessedly sweet.

UNDERNEATH

Life's silence so seldom is broken ;
Its secrets we may not unfold ;
Some soul-words can never be spoken —
Some deep things can never be told.
The surface is seen by so many,
But the shadowy depths are unknown ;
The outward is open to any —
The inner is lived all alone.

Thou knowest the heights of my being,
Unscaled by my dearest and best ;
The deeps that another soul seeing
Would shrink from, perplexed and distressed
And never a heart but is lonely,
Unstinted though earth-love may be ;
Its sadness and longings are only
Beheld, my Belovèd, by Thee.

No less than Thine infinite loving
My infinite yearning could still,
And daily Thy power I am proving
To gladden and quiet and fill.
Thy tenderness, Lord, and Thy sweetness
Have made me forever Thine own,
And all of Thine wondrous completeness
Is enough for the heart Thou hast won.

But though I would ever be telling
How love over longing prevails,
The praise from my full heart upwelling
In feebleness falters and fails.
And oft I have visions of glory,
But never can show what I see ;
And in telling the wonderful story
I tell but so little of Thee !

Oh, could I show others Thy beauty,
Thou fairer than fairest of men,
'Twould be daily a rapturous duty
To tell it again and again !
To show how Thy mercy has won me,
To tell what a Saviour Thou art,
And prove how Thy love, and Thine only,
Meets the measureless need of my heart !

ART THOU AFRAID ?

And as they followed, they were afraid." —
Mark x. 32.

Art thou afraid to let Me see
Thy heart's deep sin and misery ?
To let My searching eyes of flame
Reveal in livid light thy shame ?
Remember ! all to Me was known ;
And all thy sin became My own ;
I faced God's scathing wrath for thee,
Paid all the fearful penalty ;
And now thou standest in His sight
Clothed in My spotless robe of light :
And I would have thee walk with Me
In daily peace and purity.
Defying Satan's hellish host,
I save thee to the uttermost.

Art thou afraid to sail with Me
Upon the raging, storm-tossed sea ?
The shrieking wind is pitiless,
And seems to mock thy sore distress ;
The angry waves in grim array
Rush high, as hungry for their prey.
But thou art safe ; one word from Me
Will stay the wind, and still the sea ;
And then thy joy shall overflow,
Thy peace be such as none can know,
Save such as they who went with Me
From storm to calm on Galilee.

Art thou afraid with Me to prove
The furnace heated by My love ?
My own, I will not keep thee there
One moment more than thou canst bear.
The flames from which thou dost recoil
Are but to burn the dross and soil ;
My gold is precious in My sight,
And I must have it pure and bright.
Belovèd, let this thought be sweet ;
I never waste My furnace-heat.

Art thou afraid to walk with Me
Along the path I choose for thee? —
A path to other feet not known,
A life that must be lived alone,
A stab of pain when fair hopes dawn,
Sweet human love withheld, withdrawn.
I know the way is drear and long,
And dangers lurk and shadows throng;
But I am with thee day by day,
And I have measured all the way.
I wept in dark Gethsemane,
And all thy tears are known to Me;
My heart, unchanging, throbs with thine,
Thy every pang of pain is Mine;
And love prepares this way for thee,
The love that bled on Calvary!

Be not afraid to go with Me
Just where My love sees best for thee.
It is to rise from sin's abyss
To shining heights of wondrous bliss;
It is to know how vile thou art,
And yet to nestle in My heart;
To lose what earth can offer thee,
And have no joy outside of Me.
To share My sorrows, feel My care,
My secrets know, My burdens bear —
'Tis to take largely of My grace,
And show My beauty in thy face;
That all may know how love divine
Has brought thee to My "house of wine!"

CHRISTMAS

Come with me and stand beside Him,
— Bow before the Mystery;
God in flesh, a helpless baby
Needing human ministry.
Sweetest baby eyes beholding
Things His might divine had planned,
All-creating fingers, folded
In a tender woman's hand.

Baby need of human loving
From the human hearts He made ;
Of His glories robes divested,
Now in swaddling bands arrayed.
Homeless Lord of earth and heaven,
Angels waiting His behest ;
Yet a helpless child reposing,
Cradled on a woman's breast.

Oh how oft she gazed upon Him,
Trembling with the fear of loss ;
For upon His lowly cradle
Fell the shadow of a Cross.
Yet beyond the Cross a glory,
Radiant, shadowless, doth shine,
Bought for me as well as Mary,
Mary's risen Lord is mine !

THE BANNER

To some I give
A banner, to be lifted in the field
And carried to the raging danger-front
Of hottest battle. Fiercely goes the fight,
And comrades fall on either side, but thou,
O heart that throbs with burning love for Me,
Be "faithful unto death," nor let the flag
Fall from thy hands ; thy Captain leads thee on
Through smoke and noise of war.

The day will dawn
When thou shalt come and lay the banner down,
So long uplifted high, but folded then,
Low at my feet, unsoiled by mire of earth,
Untorn, uncaptured by the enemy.
And all my silent-waiting heaven shall ring
With shout of "Victory !"

HOMeward

Dark the night, and far the goal,
But my heart is singing;
Jovbells in my love-bought soul
Soft and sweet are ringing.
Dangers lurk along the way,
Dreary shades surround me;
But my footsteps cannot stray —
Love is all around me.

Dark the night? Nay, nay, my Light
Beckons through the gloom-land;
Far the goal? Nay, nay, tonight
I may reach my Homeland.
Dangers lurk? They cannot touch
One so well protected;
I have cost my Lord too much
Now to be neglected!

O the welcome that awaits
When the journey's ended!
Sweet home-coming, wide-flung gates,
Harps and voices blended.
But all glories will be dim
When He smiles upon me:
Songs be hushed at word from Him —
I shall hear Him only!

HIDDEN SERVICE

Who thinks of the lamp, when its shining
Brings bliss to the lost in the night?
Who praises the sheath, when its sword-blade
Springs keen to the thick of the fight?
Who thinks of the sign-post whose warning
Reveals the dread precipice-brink?
Who blesses the cup when its waters
Bring life to the thirsty who drink?

Thus ever unnoticed, forgotten,
That only our Lord they may see;

But loved with a love everlasting,
And never forgotten by Thee.
Here always the dying, the spending,
Thy glory, Thy praise, our delight :
Thou only our joy and our portion,
As onward we walk in the light.

From gloom into gladness and glory,
From battle to ending of strife,
From desert to flowers and fountains,
From death unto fulness of life.
From fetters and prison-bars broken,
To freedom where worship-songs blend ;
From silence to rapturous story
Of love that has loved to the end !

THE JEWEL

I have a crown that is wondrous fair,
But another jewel is needed there.
I have a stone that cost Me dear,
And this is the gem that shall sparkle here.
But the gem that is Mine is dark and rough :
I must cut it deep ere it shine enough.
My chisel is keen and the work is slow.
Shall I cease to work, and its gleam forego ?
Nay — the gem cost Me My blood and life,
And 'tis yearning love that uses the knife.
And soon shall My glad heart see it shine
Star-bright and flawless, this jewel of Mine !

A GLIMPSE

Just a musical tinkle of baby laughter
From the casement, leafy and wide ;
And a silvery patter of baby-talk after
(I heard as I passed outside)
And the sudden beat of soft little feet
So small and so sweet !

Then a fleeting vision of baby-beauty,
Where the light fell, golden and still;
And my heart went out in a moment mutely
To the child at the window-sill,
Ere the frank delight of the glances bright
Passed out of my sight.

You dear little flower in innocence vested,
Safe sheltered from touch of harm;
You bright little bird with wings untested,
In the home-nest soft and warm —
You are free from care, you are sweet and fair,
Do you need my prayer?

Yes — a soul looked out through your eyes' clear
gladness,
Like a shadow behind the blue;
And life to each life brings a cup of sadness,
So it holds some sorrow for you —
Little spirit untried, may the One who died
Draw you close to His side!

IN PART

"We know in part." — 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

If we could recognize the sounds
That out of silence grow,
The mighty music of the stars
Above our earth — below —
The chiming of a lily bell,
The foot-fall of the snow —

We should hear other tones than these
In earth, and sea, and air;
The jarring sounds of pain and strife
Were more than we could bear;
For Sin brought discord when it came,
And Death is everywhere.

The awful depths of sin's abyss
If we could see and know,
And scale the shining heights wherefrom
God's wondrous love doth flow,
Our souls would faint beneath the weight
Of rapture and of woe.

But all the mystery of pain
Was met by One who died;
And to all harmony and bliss
The door is open wide;
For now He lives, and with Himself
We shall be satisfied.

GOD BE WITH YOU

God be with you when your happy heart is
singing
With the joy He gives you, blessed and
complete;
When the days fly swiftly by, each new one
bringing
More of love and hope, and life is very sweet.

God be with you, when the sudden soul-storms
waken,
And the light is lost in gathering folds of
gloom;
When the brimming joy-cup from your lips is
taken,
And the way is hard, and flowers refuse to
bloom.

God be with you, dear ! uplifting and enfolding.
Till you fall asleep, with head upon His breast,
And when waking, in a rapture of beholding.
All your soul is satisfied with love and rest.

NIGHT

Cloudless calm in the sky above me,
Shining sleep where the waters flow;
Depths of night in the mountain forest,
Drifts of mist in the vale below.
Weary brain and a troubled breast;
Where shall I lean my heart and rest?

Sudden song from the glooming cedars,
Deeper silence after the song,
Whirr of wings in the sleeping meadows —
Cry of fear where the shadows throng!
Pang of pain, though the stars gleam bright;
Deed of death in the moonlit night.

Grim-piled clouds, and the moon is hidden,
Star-beams lost in a sable pall;
Din of rain in the wind-lashed forest,
Blare of tempest, and thunder-brawl;
Weary seeking and fruitless quest —
Where shall I lean my heart and rest?

* * *

Silence deep in my storm-swept spirit,
Dawning light where the shadows fell;
Sense of a presence strong and tender,
Sound of a voice my heart knows well.
Swift and glad as a bird to her nest —
Lo, I have found my place of rest!

A PRAYER

Father in Heaven, our needs are very many!
As trusting, helpless children, we would plead
For grace on which to lean when strength is
failing,
And very present help in time of need.
Be every sigh a prayer, and every tear —
We thank Thee that Thou knowest how to hear!

O listen to the Saviour's tender pleading,
Who died, our inmost agony to reach;
O hear the Holy Spirit interceding
With urgent prayer too passion-deep for
speech;
Ourselves, we know not how — we cannot pray
Till Jesus by His Spirit show the way.

And Thou art mighty, yea, and Thou art will-
ing —

More than our fathers and our mothers are —
To give great gifts as much above our asking
As from our earth the highest heaven is far.
Sure is Thy favour as that Thou dost live;
Now teach us how to take what Thou dost give!

IN AND OUT

Come in to Me, beloved,
In from the things that vex;
In from the storms that gather,
Mysteries that perplex.
Here thou art fed and sheltered,
Safe — thou hast naught to fear;
Sweet are the waters flowing —
Pasture and rest are here.

Here at My side, beloved,
Pain shall be stilled to peace;
All the long pangs of waiting,
Lulled by My love, shall cease.
Daily My deep love proving,
Learning to know My voice,
Trusting My perfect wisdom —
So shall thy heart rejoice.

Come out with Me, beloved,
Out unto dying men;
Tell them the gospel story,
Tell it again, again.
Out unto souls world-weary,
Out unto hearts that weep;
Tell them how I can comfort,
Tell them how I can keep.

Come up with Me, beloved,
Soon shall My whisper fall ;
Up from the strife of battle,
Up with a victor's call.
Up where in light unclouded
Thou shalt My beauty see ;
Never a veil between us —
With Me, eternally.

THE HARP

This have I learned,
That all my music must be tuned to His,
Or music it is not, but only harsh
And jarring sound, that fills the ear, and makes
His harmonies all discord ; therefore He
(The great Musician) takes the instrument,
Misused and worthless, and His hand attunes.
The unready chords that vibrate to His touch,
Raising the pitch until the tested note
Is kin to His.

The process may be long
And painful : oft it seems the strings will snap
Under the lengthened strain ; but some sweet
day
That same strong, patient, hand will sweep
His harp
Whose quick response of pure and perfect tone
Shall thrill the silence waiting for the sound,
And throb His love along the universe,
And satisfy the Master !

THE CHILD

Was Jesus ever a child like this,
A babe whom His mother might clasp and kiss ?
Did He smile and sleep, as children do,
And gladden her watching heart as He grew ?
Did He look, as the sunbeams around Him played,
With wondering eyes at the light He made ?

Yes — He was once just a child like this,
Filling a home with love and bliss.

And the Father looked down with a deep
content,
For well He knew what the mystery meant.

Heaven could not hold His thought nor care,
For all of His heart was centred there.

Was Jesus ever a child like this?
No — for He never did aught amiss.

He looked in His mother's face and smiled
With the free, high look of a sinless child.

But while He lay in His innocent sleep,
The shadow was gathering, dark and deep.

Shadow of sorrow, and shame, and loss,
Taking the shadowy form of a cross.

The Hope of the world in that poor, bare room;
No hope for the world, if He had not come.

No heaven for us, and no Father's kiss,
Had Jesus not come, just a child like this!

MARRED AND MADE

Marred in the hands of the Potter,
The vessel His thought had planned —
In spite of His love and wisdom,
In spite of His strong right hand.

Shaped for His own blest using,
Deep, deep in His heart it lay;
Perfect in wonder and beauty —
And He only needed the clay.

But never in earth nor heaven
The treasure shall be displayed;
Lost, lost to His love forever
Is the vessel He might have made.

The treasure was marred, but the Potter
Looked long at the shattered clay;
Foiled in His first endeavour,
He would find another way.

So — He made it again, a vessel,
Moulded it fair and true;
The best that His love could fashion,
The most that His grace might do.

He formed it with care and patience,
He loved it for Love's sweet sake;
But what of that other vessel
That His heart had longed to make?

THE STONE

The Master sees a stone
In His vast quarry, and His eyes behold
The beauty that His Master-hand can shape
Out of the shapeless mass; and so He takes
The rough, hard thing (His own, bought with
a price
That beggared Him, but made Him glad at
heart)

And spends long years of patient, ceaseless toil
To fit it for its place. Embedded deep,
It needs hard shocks and blows to bring it out
And make it separate from other stones,
Where He can work. The shattered splinters fly.
The fire springs up, the blows are merciless
And it seems to ruin the stone, but still
The hammer and the chisel smite and cut
Until He lays them down.

And then He works
With other finer tools, but sharp and keen,
And carves the deep and intricate designs
Held in His heart, until at last it stands
Among the other pillars of His house
(But differing in pattern from them all)
A polished shaft, with every mark effaced

Of past rough usage, — scars and bruises gone—
With tracery of leaves and buds and fruit,
Clear-cut and delicate, and all the top
Carven with lily-work.

And then He rests
With deep rejoicing; angels see His work,
And glory in His skill, for well they know
The stone was nothing; and with loud acclaim
They sing the love that worked so wisely well;
While men behold the beauty and the grace,
And praise His Master-hand that patiently
Toiled on, unresting through the long, long
years,
Until the work was finished.

THE TREASURE-STORE

What wilt thou have, beloved?

My treasury is free;

The wonders of its riches

Are open unto thee.

I long to lavish on thee

My love's unbounded store;

To have thee ever coming

And claiming more and more.

There are new doors to open,

Sweet secrets to unfold,

Deep mysteries whose marvels

Have never yet been told.

New glimpses of My beauty,

New dealings of My grace,

New provings of My power,

New light on darkened ways.

And I have gifts for others,

Eternal, boundless, free;

Rich blessings, countless, priceless,

But thou dost hold the key.

Come often and ask largely,

Take with unstinting hand;

These wondrous gifts are only
Awaiting thy demand.

I long to open to thee
My secret treasure-trove ;
Its limit is My power,
Its measure is My love.
All wisdom and all knowledge,
All grace and might are Mine ;
What wilt thou have, beloved ?
All, all I have is thine.

A GATHERED LILY

"And Jesus called a little child to Him." —
Matt. xviii. 2.

Sister

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
He will not awake for our weeping ;
And we see not, however we linger,
The move of a hair or a finger.

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
And round him the sunbeams are creeping ;
He hears not our low-spoken blessing,
He heeds not our fondest carressing.

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
And silent the watch we are keeping ;
He lies like a lily faint-gleaming,
And see how he smiles in his dreaming !

Mother

I think that Heaven itself is made more fair
Because another little child is there ;
And though my heart is sore, how proud am I
To be the mother of a soul so high !

I lose him not ; my baby is my own ;
His last faint look was turned on me alone ;
He loved me when he died, and loves me yet,
For souls in Heaven never can forget.

So now, O Father, help me! I am Thine,
And lo! my child is Thine, O more than mine!
We both belong to Thee, and safe do rest
Together in the haven of Thy breast.

* * *

Let Jesus choose
Each step for thee; He knows which way is best;
And so thou shalt not lose
The joy of those who, trusting Him, are blest.

And know thou this,
That He who leads can clearly show the way;
Just lay thy hand in His,
And gladly go with Him, or with Him stay.

FOLLOWING

The Lord from the throne of His glory
Came down to the deeps of our sin,
His life-blood in anguish out-pouring,
To save from the pit we were in.
Eternally chosen and purchased,
Love-conquered, we came at His call;
What else could we do but adore Him,
What less could we give Him than all?

We tasted the bliss of His presence,
And proved that His service was sweet;
We walked in the train of His triumph,
And trophies were laid at His feet.
We dreamed it was victory always,
Unmingled with failure or loss;
We looked for a pathway of glory—
We found it the way of the cross.

We followed the track of His footsteps,
In loneliness, sorrow, and shame,
In weariness oft, and in weakness,
But proving the power of His Name.

And ever His love lured us onward,
For still, as He walked with His own,
He showed us a lonelier pathway,
Whose shadows He walked through, alone.

And gently He loosened the fingers
That clung to our idols of clay;
And softly He spoke through the darkness
That fell on the noon of our day.
No pang of our pain, but He knew it,
No tears, but His solace was sweet;
And in chambers of sorrow and silence
We heard the blest fall of His feet.

The dearth of our winter is passing,
The time of our singing is near;
As birds in an outburst of gladness
Proclaim that the summer is here.
A glorious harvest shall follow
The season of sowing in tears,
And in fulness of joy we shall gather
The fruitage of sorrowful years.

And to those who have loved Him, far sweeter
Than jubilant songs of their own
Is the joy of the Lord of the Harvest,
As He reaps what in weeping was sown.
The life-streams from Calvary flowing,
The fruits of the dying, are His;
And His is the glory, and ours
Eternity's shadowless bliss!

TOGETHER

Jesus, Master, I Thy love would follow,
Turning not aside:
Lead me safely on, O Thou who lovest
Thus to be my Guide.

'Mid the music of Earth's many voices,
I would hear but Thine:
Heeding not the luring of her magic,
Tasting not her wine,

Are there shadows thronging in the pathway,
Sad and lonely days?
Yet the brightness of Thy smile shall gladden
All the clouded ways.

Soon the way-marks will be left behind me,
All the sorrow past,
Ended all the weariness and darkness —
Summer skies at last!

Then for me Thy look, Thy word of welcome,
And the Father's kiss;
Now the desert way, but then the fountains
Of eternal bliss.

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS

John xxi.

Low, low in the darkened sky the crescent moon
is drooping,
And all the solemn, mystic heaven about our
boat is stooping;
Only a little light comes down, though myriad
stars are gleaming;
The sunset wind has fallen asleep; the silent
sea is dreaming.

Deep, deep in our riven hearts we ponder all
the story
Of Him who walked this sea with us, and
changed its gloom to glory;
And born of love-taught faith in Him, a solemn
gladness fills us,
And interwoven with the joy, a tender sadness
thrills us.

Slow, slow in majestic march, the stately hours
are treading,
The while we work, and watch, and wait, our
empty meshes spreading;
No silver glimmers in the net, though day will
soon be dawning.

What hope we for? The land and sea and sky
await the morning.

Fair, fair is the spreading light upon the glad
earth falling,

And from the shining, wave-washed shore a
welcome voice is calling;

O bliss beyond what words can tell, Heaven's
rapture antedating —

More beautiful than the perfect morn, our
risen Saviour waiting?

STEPS

"In the secret places of the stairs."—Song ii. 14.

Wouldst thou know thy Friend?

Do His written will;

And His promised word

Jesus must fulfil.

Wouldst thou read His heart?

Linger at the Cross;

Gaze on Him, and count

All things else but loss.

Wouldst thou love thy Lord?

Bring thy empty cup

To the Lord of love —

He will fill it up.

Wouldst thou serve thy King?

Loyal be and true?

They who serve Him best

Lowliest work must do.

Wouldst thou climb His heights?

Little steps lead there:

And a pierced hand

Guides thee up the stair.

LOVED WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE

There never was a time
When God's great love began to flow to me.
My thought can wing its swift, untiring flight
Along the countless years that came and went,
Back to the first, which like a radiant hope
Sprang into being at the voice of God.
But when I touch those regions vast and dim
Beyond where time began, where never day
Eclipsed with broader light the star of morn,
Nor sank to dusky silence down the hills
Lit later by the stars of night — ah, there
My trembling thought drops broken-winged,
and dies,
Slain on the edges of Eternity,
Unmeasured, fathomless.

No days, nor years;
No space, no music and no silence, there;
No gloom and no created light, no stars
Quick-flashing through eternal distances;
No world whose sunlit waters kissed the land
Sleeping beneath the brooding warmth of noon!
No fair majestic seraph winged his flight
Backward and forth, with ceaseless ministry
Serving and worshipping; but there and then
(Where thought can never reach) His wondrous
love,
The great love of my Lord to me, flowed forth,
An ocean-current, overleaping all
The mighty obstacles that sin would raise,
Stopping at nothing. Even then He thought
With yearning tenderness, of me; and now
My name is written in the book of life,
Because it first was graven on His heart,
Cut deep, eternally.

THE VALLEY

Into the valley of the shadow going
From pleasant pastures, shrinking and alone;
Never a footstep of the pathway knowing,
All the bright beauty and the gladness gone —

Oh, the broad uplands, with their sunny spaces,
Throbbing with birdsong, where the breezes
play;
Brimming with memories of happy faces
Lifted in joyous greeting on the way!

Where are the comrade-hearts that shared thy
gladness
In the fair meadows where the flowers bloom?
They walk together, thou in lonely sadness;
They tread the sunlight places, thou the
gloom.

Yet — One is walking In the night beside thee,
Unseen and silent, but beloved and known;
Tender and strong the hidden Hands that guide
thee —

Wilt thou go back, my soul, and walk alone?

Nay — for thy joys were clustered all about
Him,

Drawing their radiance from His Face divine;
Sweeter His silence than all song without Him,
Dearer than warmest hearts that beat with
thine.

Singeth the voice of Hope, when thou art weary,
From the dim distance, glad and sweet and
strong —

Now the dark valley with its shadows dreary,
But soon the dawn-lit heights, the morning-
song!

FREE

Three years ago, I stood before
A place with barred and narrow door.

Trembling I looked, and knocking wept;
While round my heart the shadows crept.

The door swung wide; I stood within;
It swung again and shut me in.

Prostrate upon my face I fell;
I thought it was a prison-cell.

Ah me! the dreary, dreary days!
And ah! the narrow, narrow ways!

* * *

But as by night through window-bar
We see a steadfast-shining star —

A star we ne'er beheld before,
Once seen, forgotten never more —

So came the light, and star-like stole
Upon the vision of my soul.

A voice more sweet than evening-bell
Upon my heart in music fell.

One wooing word it whispered — "Come!"
And that one whisper drew me Home.

Home to the Heart that died for me,
Home to the Love that set me free.

And now no prison-walls nor door
Can hold me captive evermore!

SOWING-TIME

There are music-whispers trembling through
the silken-budding trees,
They are murmuring a secret just confided by
the breeze ;

How the lovely lady Spring is stepping lightly
from the West,
With her tresses blown about her, and in
shining garments drest.

She has come, and now the waters have forgot-
ten to be sad,

They are dimpling with delight, and rippling
out a welcome glad ;

All the land is brimmed with singing : Winter's
gloomy hours are past,

And the days will dawn in beauty, each one
lovelier than the last.

She has come, and now her laughter may be
heard along the way,

In the falling of the wavelet, in the patter of
the spray ;

In the lilt of merry song-bird, pouring rapture
down the trees

Where the lily-bells are chiming, set a-swinging
by the bees.

She has come, and lo ! a tender hope is shining
in her eyes,

For a deep and earnest purpose all her laughter
underlies ;

She has myriad seeds for sowing, in the valley,
o'er the plain,

Though she ne'er may see the harvesting of
Autumn's golden grain.

She is flinging forth her handfuls, chanting
blithely as she sows,

"Though I pass away, and summer tends the
seedling while it grows,

Yet when Autumn brings the harvest to the
Harvest-Owner's feet,

He will not forget my sowing, and His favor
will be sweet."

THE CHANNEL

Perfect, perfect peace, beloved,
After weary strife,
Through the darkness and the dying
Into boundless life.
Streams of living water, rivers
Flowing full and free.
Hosts of death-doomed souls, awaiting
Life from Me, through thee.

More and more My love would have thee
Silent, self-effaced,
All earth-beauty gone, and only
By My beauty graced.
So shall dying souls, beholding
Not thyself, but Me,
See Me on My cross, uplifted.
Living as they see.

Just a vessel, all-illumin'd,
Empty, full of light,
Just a channel for My flowing
Through these shades of night.
Just a river, bringing healing
Wheresoe'er it be ;
Nothing but Myself possessing —
This My thought for thee !

THE HOPE OF HIS COMING

1 Thess. iv. 15-18.

O the comfort to lives that are shadowed and dreary,
The hope and the sweetness to those who are sad ;
O the rest and the rapture to hearts that are weary —
How can His beloved be other than glad ?

To know that to-day, ere the sunlight has faded
To evening, on mountain and valley and sea—
Ere the tender regret of the twilight has shaded
To dark, we may leave it with Jesus to be!

The cross that we think we must take up to-
morrow
Belongs to a morrow that never may come;
And we fear not the night with its burden of
sorrow,
Because we may spend it with Jesus at home.

'Tis Jesus we look for—not heaven with its
splendour,
Its bliss could not woo us, its glories are dim.
When we think of our Saviour, so mighty, so
tender,
All else is as naught—we are longing for Him.

The One who had saving and loving compassion
When a Magdalene wept, or a Peter denied;
Who spoke and who smiled in such sweet human
fashion
That children, entranced, gathered close to
His side;

The eyes that shed tears over Lazarus sleeping,
The hands that broke bread till the hungry
were filled;
The very same voice which when Mary was
weeping,
Spoke only her name, and her weeping was
stilled;

The One who the lifeless could speak into living,
And touch a vile leper with touching that
healed;
Whose life ever flowed in a fulness of giving,
And daily the heart of the Father revealed;

Who went to the Cross with a purpose unshaken,
Our precious Sin-bearer, the mighty to save;
By sinners depised, by a just God forsaken,
And yielding His life, conquered death and
the grave —

Soon, soon shall we see Him; and all of perplexing
Shall shrivel and die in the bliss of surprise;
And earth with its sorrow and turmoil and
vexing
Shall drop far away as we mount to the skies.
It comes day by day, our expectant hearts
thrilling,
The rapturous hope our Belovèd to see;
And oh, while we wait for its certain fulfilling,
What manner of people His chosen should be!

SOWING

Are you idling, sisters, brothers, leaving all the
work for others?

Wide the field and few the workers, and the
Master calls for you.

He will give you seed for sowing, He will
tend and speed its growing;

If you serve Him well and truly, He will
prosper what you do.

Gentle words of love and pity, dropped in
field and lane and city,

Smiles for children, sorrowing tears for out-
casts almost out of reach;

With your love and labour winning men whose
hearts are hard with sinning,

Preaching with your life the love that words
would often fail to teach.

Bravely bearing for your Master scorn and loss
and all disaster,

Winning those who shrink and falter to be
strong and staunch and true;

Proving that all dark surrounding only swells
the joy abounding,
Tempting others thus to seek the hidden
treasure held by you :

Thinking not of ease and leisure, staying not
for play nor pleasure,
Lest for some the day be followed by a
darkness long and cold :
Sowing on in tears and sorrow, looking for a
glad tomorrow,
When the seed that you have scattered
bringeth forth a hundred-fold.

HARMONY

"Is it not hard, what thy Lord doth require?"
Nay — He fulfilled my every desire.

"Hath He not chosen a difficult place?"
'Tis but to prove that He giveth more grace.

"Strange He should lead thee alone and apart!"
'Tis but to gather me close to His heart.

"Dost thou not shrink from His changeless
behest?"
Nay — His sweet will is a haven of rest.

"Art not afraid of His royal decree?"
Never — my choice with His choice doth agree.

"Hast thou no fault then to find with His
ways?"
No — I have nothing to bring Him but praise.

"May I not come and some sympathy bring?"
Give me no pity, but help me to sing!

LEARNING

Children of God through the death of His Son;
Love will accomplish what Love hath begun.

Little by little the lesson is set,
So that His dullest ones need not forget.

Patient my Teacher, though I am so slow,
And I shall know what He wants me to know.

Line upon line, and the lesson is turned
Ever until it is perfectly learned.

Step after step, so my feet may not stray:
"Only a day at a time" is His way.

Growing in grace as His sweet lilies grow;
Going in ways where He tells me to go.

Walking in light, though my eyes may be dim;
He is the light, and I'm walking with Him.

Step after step, not one taken alone:
By-and-by seated with Him on His throne!

BELONGING

Thou art Mine! I loved thee long
Ere a seraph was created;
Ere the silence woke to song
Or a throb of praise pulsated.
Then My heart cried out for thee,
Loving from Eternity.

Ere the universe was framed,
Or a world through space was moving;
Not a single star was named
When I gave thee all My loving.
All created things were none,
When I chose thee for My own.

Lo, I called thee by thy name,
Went through shame and death to save thee;
And by night and day I came;
Wondrous, precious gifts I gave thee.
Now My love has kindled thine —
Love wins loving; thou art Mine!

NIGHTFALL

The infinite height of the heaven is clear,
Unflecked by a cloud;
The musical murmur of water is near
Too sweet to be loud;
The twilight is coming, more brooding than
glad,
Too calm to be feared, and too fair to be sad.

The baby-birds dream as they slumber beneath
A mother's warm wings;
A breeze in the tree-tops, all under its breath
A lullaby sings;
And baby-buds wait till the morning's warm
kiss
Shall thrill their unfolding to odorous bliss.

Nor nestlings nor breezes nor flowers need fear,
For God never sleeps;
Though shadows may lengthen, and darkness be
near,

Omnipotence keeps;
And each tiny leaf of the forest doth share
With ocean and star-world, His infinite care.

ECCE HOMO

Man of Sorrows, we behold Thee
Face of love and eyes of woe;
Kingly head and royal bearing,
Stained with blood and scarred with blow.

Garments sweet with Mary's spikenard,
Patient brow with crown of thorn;
Wondrous sight for men's beholding,
Angels' wonder, demons' scorn.

Man of Sorrows, we behold Thee
In Thy shame and agony;
Bearing all our sin and vileness,
Dying on the accursed tree,
O our Saviour, was there ever
Sight so sad, or love like this?
God-begotten, God-forsaken,
So that we might share Thy bliss!

* * *

Jesus, Lord, — when we behold Thee,
Bridegroom welcoming Thy bride,
King of glory, Lord of heaven,
Yet a Man with pierced side —
Love of God, unmeasured, boundless,
Human love our hearts to hold;
O the joy that lies before us,
O the weight of bliss untold!

THE SERVANT

Isaiah vi. 5-8

Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts!
Whose majesty and grace
His seraphim adore, the while they stand
With wing-hid feet and face.

Oh, I have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts!
And all my sins arise
In black appalling multitude, before
The lightning of His eyes.

Yea, I have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts;
But this is mercy's day,
And swift the living fire has flamed and burned,
And cleansed my sin away.

Mine eyes have 'seen the King, the Lord of Hosts ;

Low at His feet I fall.

And now He speaks, and now in glad response
My spirit hears His call ;

For I have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts !

And all the darkening day

His messenger am I ; His but to speak,

Mine only to obey.

THE BLESSED LIFE

'Tis a blessed life, beloved,

Step by step, and day by day ;

Hands in Mine need never weary,

Guided footsteps cannot stray.

Weakness on My strong arm leaning,

Eyes uplifted to My face,

Heart that proves how I can comfort,

Lips that love to sing My praise.

Trusting only in My wisdom,

Swift to go or still to stand,

All of joy and all of sorrow

Taken sweetly from My hand.

Not a choice and not a question,

Free from doubt and kept from strife :

Looking daily for My coming —

Is it not a blessed life ?

BEHOLD THE MAN

Behold the Man of Sorrows !

In patient calm He stands ;

And blood-drops stain His forehead,

And fetters bind His hands.

Forlorn, despised, rejected,

With visage marred and wan ;

Betrayed, denied, forsaken —

Behold, behold the Man !

*Pale King in the faded purple, with thorn-crown on Thy brow,
With only a reed for a sceptre, where is Thy kingdom now?
Throned in the realm of sorrow, peerless in anguish Thou!*

Alone He faced the conflict,
And met Sin's fearful claim:
Through Death's domain triumphant
A Conqueror He came.
In shame and sore dishonour
He wrought the wondrous plan—
Now countless hosts are singing,
"Behold, behold the Man!"

*Fair King in spotless robes, with gladness upon Thy brow,
Falling in hush of worship, lowly Thy followers bow;
Throned in hearts adoring, peerless in beauty Thou!*

The gladness of His Father,
The crown of Heaven's bliss;
All majesty and power
And all dominion His;
Sin's reign forever ended,
And past its curse and ban;
Behold the Prince of glory,
Behold, behold the Man!

*Great King in regal splendour, with diadem on Thy brow,
Kings shall fall down before Thee, and every knee must bow;
Throned in the highest heaven, peerless in glory Thou!*

NIGHT

"Thou makest darkness, and it is night."
Psalm civ. 20.

Outspreading shadowy wings, and slowly wheel-
ing

Between the tired earth and fading sky,
The darkness, like an angel, comes revealing
Night's holy meaning and its mystery.

While one by one, like sudden thoughts up-
springing

From a deep heart, the myriad stars appear;
And from low heights the rising moon is flinging
A strange, dim light on meadow and on mere.

The birds are silent in their leafy bowers,
And blending odors brim the quiet air;
The wind that played all day with leaves and
flowers
Sleeps with them now, and peace is every-
where.

Feet that have trodden pathways hard and
dreary,
Tread them no more awhile, at night's behest;
And patient hands with many tasks work-weary,
Ceasing from toil, are folded into rest.

The pitying peace of kindly night has won us
From all the care and trouble of the day;
The silence lays its tender touch upon us
Like a dear hand, and we have time to pray.

Now mourners come for comfort to the Father,
And tear-wet eyes shall close in slumber sweet;
And now may loyal souls, rejoicing, gather
With sheaves and fruitage at the Master's
feet.

We thank Thee for the day, its joy and sorrow,
Its tasks and duties burdensome or light;
And oh! we bless Thee that before each morrow
There comes the gracious ministry of night!

AT HOME WITH HIM

When I rise to my Lord through the starry
skies,
And fall at His pierced feet,
Shall I shrink from the gaze of His tender eyes,
Will His voice be strange as sweet?

Ah no! Mid the hosts in the realms above
When He turns from them all to me,
I shall see in His face just the same dear love
That has loved from eternity!

Oh, His gentle whisper, so low and soft,
I have heard it for many a day,
And the nail-pierced Hands—I have felt them
 oft
As they led me along the way.

I have seen His face, through the gloom that
 crept,

(Like the glimpse of a veiled star)
He has shared my joy, with my grief has wept,
Given peace that no pain could mar.

And well might I shrink from the seraphim,
And the worshipping hosts that throng;
But not from my Saviour, O not from Him,
I have known Him too well, too long!

THAT SIGHT

Luke xxiii. 48.

"That sight" had drawn the city to the hill.
There priests and people gathered, to behold
A Man of Sorrows, hanging on a cross.

They watched Him there—a sickle, motley
 crowd,

Whom He had healed and fed, not long ago;
Men who had cried "Hosanna to the Lord!"
With the same lips now hounded Him to death.
And there the righteous, faultless Pharisees,
With demon-hatred, under that fair show,
Gathered aside, for fear the multitude
Should, touching them, defile their purity;
While weeping women, and a faithful few
Waited afar, with bleeding, broken hearts.

Myriads of angels, whom His mighty word
Had spoken into blissful being, watched;

Standing aghast, with drooping, folded wings,
Moveless because He did not speak—their Lord,
Whose word had drawn them quick as flashing
light

"To His defence. Silent the pallid lips —
Others He saved ; Himself He could not save !

But nearer, nearer than the Roman guard,
The wailing women, or His followers,
Or helpless angels, round that awful Cross
Gathered the countless, seething hosts of hell !
No wonder that the sun refused to shine,
And darkness covered all the shuddering land !
No marvel that the great earth reeled and shook,
As a strong man will stagger when appalled
Beyond all measure — **God** was suffering there,
A spectacle to angels, demons, men,
In heaven and hell and earth !

And while they watched —
The Roman guard — the sickle multitude —
The men who murdered Him — the friends who
mourned - -

The wondering, helpless angels, and the hosts,
The hideous and malignant hosts of hell —
One turned away and could not look on Him,
Forsaking Him in that dire hour of woe
And wringing from His lips that piteous cry,
" My God, why, why hast Thou forsaken me ? "
And there was " none to help ! "

O lonely Man !
O dying Lord ! didst Thou bear this for me ?

Sinner, if thou the awfulness of sin,
Its vileness in the sight of God, wouldst learn,
Come to Golgotha, and behold " that sight,"
And know it was thy sin that put Him there,
The spotless, perfect Man, thy substitute.
He had to bear the sins thou couldst not bear,
And pay the debt thou never couldst have paid.
Thy punishment was meted out to Him,
And God's just anger, like a mighty sea,
Rolled o'er Him dying on that bitter cross.

Thy sin upon Him, and the wrath of God
Broke His great heart of love, and with the cry,
"Tis finished!" — justice satisfied, the claims
Of God all met, the debt all paid, He died,
Yielding His life for thine!

It took all that —
The fearful agony — the blood outpoured —
To save thy soul. Wilt thou reject Him now?
Canst thou see love like that, and yet not come
With broken heart to those dear, pierced feet?
Only in Him is any hope for thee;
No other way whereby thou canst be saved.
Wilt thou refuse?

Nay, Lord, I come, I come!

A STAR-WORD

A star in the cloudy sky,
Only one star tonight!
But lovely and pure, and high
It burns with a tender light.
Above and below, the clouds hang dark,
Ready to quench the tiny spark.
All other stars are lost to sight,
But fair, O fair and bright,
My one star shines tonight!

A promise to meet my need,
Only one word tonight:
As with burning tears I plead,
Looking for help and light.
And all around me the angry dark
Gathers to quench the tiny spark.
No other ray of hope in sight —
But fair, O fair and bright
My star-word shines tonight!

COMPANIONSHIP

"They abode with Him that day." — John i. 39.

Have you companied with Jesus,
Have you walked with Him to-day,
Let Him take your hand and lead you,
Gently lead you all the way?
Have you lifted eyes of trusting
To His tender eyes above,
Seen the dear Face downward bending,
Felt the heart-beat of His love?

Have you thanked Him for the gladness
He prepared for you to-day?
Have you blessed Him for the sadness
Shadowing the lonely way?
Have you praised Him for withholdings,
For the earth-light burning dim;
Have you told Him all the longing
For a closer walk with Him?

Have you heard the voice of Jesus —
Glad to listen and be still,
Waiting for His loving whisper,
Ready then to do His will?
Oh, the bliss of close communion
Neither tongue nor pen may show;
Heart can never tell another —
None but those who love can know!

And if you have walked with Jesus,
Let Him lead you all the way,
Not to you alone the blessing —
You have made Him glad to-day.
Listen! He is King eternal,
Lord of all below, above;
Yet the tender heart of Jesus
Seeks your trust and needs your love

Far beyond all comprehending
Is such wondrous love as this;
All its depth you may not fathom,
But the joy you need not miss.

In His mighty arms enfolded,
Guarded by His watchful care,
Silent rest, or sing in triumph—
Earth nor hell can touch you there!

RESTING

My Lord, Thou knowest all the months may hold
Of gladness or of woe;
The gray of common days, with gleams of gold,
Or storms that come and go.

I thank Thee for this little "lull in life",
The tranquil, sunny ways,
This glad withdrawal from the care and strife,
And toil of passing days.

And now—my fear at rest, Thy promise sweet
Soft-ringing in my heart,
I fain would watch the going of Thy feet,
And walk no more apart.

No more apart, alone! but every hour
My feet in step with thine,
My weakness circled by Thy tender power,
Thy wounded Hand on mine.

And then—safe-guided to the land of light,
I'll sing with loud acclaim,
"Because my Saviour walked with me, how
bright,
How sweet the way we came!"

LEADING AND FOLLOWING

"And when He putteth forth His own sheep,
He goeth before them."—John x. 4.

He goeth before them
All the long way,
Up the high mountain
Barren and grey;

Down the dark valley,
Misty and cold ;
Bravely they follow —
Love makes them bold.

He goeth before them ;
Dim is the light,
Loud rings the tempest,
Dark grows the night.
Calmly they follow,
Fearing no ill,
Loving His leading,
Trusting Him still.

He goeth before them
Out of the night,
Into the dawning,
Into the light !
Out of the tempest
Into the calm,
Where the wind loiters,
Breathing of balm.

He goeth before them,
Pastures are green ;
Still are the waters,
Golden their sheen.
Gladly they follow,
Safely they rest,
Joyfully proving
His way the best !

* * *

Thy word to me,
Stilled and faint, or clear,
Or far away, or near,
Which shall it be ?

Thy word to me
Let me obey and fear ;
O make me quick to hear
Each call from Thee.

So shall it be
Not faint, but sweet and clear,
Not far, but very near,
Thy word to me.

IMMANUEL

"Which being interpreted is, God with us" —
Matt i. 23.

Toiling in busy places with my Lord,
I prove how strong His arm, how true His Word;
He stills my trembling heart, dispels my fear —
"All things are possible," for He is near.

Walking in pleasant byways with my Friend,
He leads me where the quiet waters tend;
He soothes the throbbing nerves, the tired brain,
And makes me ready for His work again.

Spending the wakeful moments with my King,
The night is but the shadow of His wing;
Some new, sweet blessing thrills me while I pray,
And in His strength I greet another day.

Kneeling in stress of sorrow at His feet,
I find Him strong my deepest woes to meet;
And He whose Cross was heavier than mine,
Helps me with human sympathy divine.

Battling through storm and darkness with my
Guide,
He draws me closer, closer to His side;
Danger is near, but Christ is nearer still,
And foes are powerless against His will.

So side by side with my Immanuel
I daily walk and know that all is well;
And hope sings waiting for the mighty "Come!"
Which bids me go with Him, and be at Home.

* * *

"I change not!" Words of love and truth,
combining
To cheer our faith and make our weakness
strong;
The darkness flies before their radiant shining,
And all our sorrowing is turned to song.

We grasp the promise in its strength and
sweetness,

Smiling to think that fear had made us weep;
And lulled to silence by its blest completeness.
Fear folds her sable wings, and falls asleep.

FOR LOVE OF THEE

1 Peter i. 20.

O troubled soul, burdened with weight of sin,
Sunk in despair, and utterly undone,
I come to tell thee of a Father's love,
I come as His ambassador to thee!

'Tis not an angry God thou hast to face.
Before the world's foundation had been laid,
Ere the first gleam of light shot down the abyss
And thrilled the darkness with its radiant hope—
Before the mountain-peaks had touched the sky
With snow-heights rosy-flushed at rise of sun,
Their fir-clad bases washed by boundless seas—
He knew thy fearful need, and in His love
And infinite pity gave His Son for thee.
The awful, sombre shadow of the Cross
Fell on the Father-heart before the years
Began their march along the path of time;
And in the glory and amidst the song
Of an angelic and unnumbered host,
Down the vast ages of Eternity
That shadow fell. Surely His love for thee
Was past all comprehending! Thy poor heart
Such love can never fathom. When He gave
His own beloved Son, He emptied Heaven,
Gave all He had — for thee.

Had there not been
Another soul in this wide universe —
One only, ruined, lost, and that one thee,
He still had given His well-beloved Son,
His life for thine.

And all these weary years —
These many years while thou hast wandered
far —

The yearning Father-heart has followed thee;
Pleaded with thee in whispers of His love,
 wooed thee with tender dealings of His grace,
Spoken in thunder-crashes of His power,
Showed thee His sovereignty, and proved to thee
Thy utter helplessness. He took from thee
The human aids on which thy weakness leaned;
He broke the idols thou hast worshipped long;
And thou hast felt His patient tenderness,
His power, and often trembled at His voice,
But closed thy heart to His entreating cry,
And turned away, and tried to walk alone.

Yet still the Father stoops to plead with thee,
Beseeching thee to take the priceless gift —
A life that earth nor hell can ever touch,
A righteousness complete, because His own,
Bought at such awful cost. Wilt thou refuse
Such perfect clearance from each guilty stain,
That not a single sin in all thy life
Shall be imputed to thee, any more
Than if such sin had never soiled thy soul?
Wilt thou reject the lonely, thorn-crowned Man
Who all the ages of Eternity
Will bear the marks of what His mighty love
Endured for thee upon a Cross of shame?
The infinite pollution of thy sin
Was on Him, and God turned away His Face,
Forsaking Him who took thy place of guilt.
Alone, alone He bore God's righteous wrath
Against thy sin, and paid the bitter price
With His own life-blood.

Wilt thou still refuse?
How long, O Lord! how long?

KNOWING

Hosea ii. 14-16.

Wouldst thou know more of Me,
My child? It may mean bitter draughts of woe
From a full cup, for it is only so,

In fellowship with Me, that thou canst prove
The measure of My tender, pitying love.
So shalt thou know thy sufferings are Mine,
And all My stores of grace and strength are
thine.

Wouldst thou know more of Me?
It may be that the dearest earthly ties
Have veiled My beauty from thy shadowed eyes;
And I may claim all thou hast held most dear,
Lead thee in lonely ways for many a year.
No sweetest human love must come between,
And thou must learn on Me alone to lean.

Wouldst thou know more of Me?
To show thee all My power to save and bless,
I may allure thee to the wilderness.
There thou wilt listen to My comforting,
There, in unclouded trust, thy soul shall sing;
And a new word thy gladdened lips shall frame—
Not Master, but a dearer, closer Name.

Wouldst thou know more of Me?
It may mean all, and more than all, of this;
But ah! If I could show thee half the bliss,
The wondrous peace thy heart could never guess,
The sweet revealings of My tenderness,
Thou wouldst not shrink nor tremble nor com-
plain,
But give Me thanks for all the love-blest pain.

Wouldst thou know more of Me?
My child, I chose thee long before the years,
Bought thee with bitter price of blood and tears;
Bore for thy sake the agony and shame,
Drew thee to Me and called thee by thy name;
A lonely path I trod for love of thee—
Wilt thou not go this way for love of Me?

There I will speak to thee
Words that are music to thy listening ear,
Sweet words no other soul could ever hear;

Deep mysteries thy heart shall understand,
Myself will guide thee with My piercèd hand;
And as we walk together, side by side,
Thou shalt look up and whisper, "Satisfied!"

PEACE

"He giveth quietness." — Job xxxiv. 29.

From light-rimmed clouds that sail in heights
of heaven,
The golden moon looks down;
It crowns the trees and hills with solemn splendour,
And gilds the sleeping town.

And now a baby breeze is softly singing
Along the silent street,
Bearing upon its wings the breath of flowers,
Subtle and fresh and sweet.

And I, who came here sorrowful and weary,
With aching heart and brow,
Have felt the beauty of the night's deep meaning,
And I am resting now.

For with a tender word the loving Father
Has bid the sorrow cease;
And with one touch upon the trembling heart-strings,
Has stilled them into peace.

PLEADING

Wilt thou go with me, a Man rejected?
Shorn of earth-delight the way must be.
Wilt thou be to grief and loss elected,
Hated by a world that hated Me?
Long the love of men I sought,
But they loved Me not.

Long I pleaded, but they gave Me only
Cruel crown of thorns and bitter Cross;
They who go with Me must needs be lonely,
They who share My lot must suffer loss.
As their Lord, so shall they be;
Wilt thou go with Me?

Come, and face the shadows thou art dreading,
'Tis My pierced hand that holds thy own
And a darker way than thou art treading,
Once My wounded feet passed by, alone.
There was none to go with Me —
But I walk with thee.

Come, my child, thou canst not do without Me —
Come, and pain shall brighten into bliss;
All the darkness shall be light about thee,
Earth-love and its joy thou shalt not miss;
All My love is all for thee;
Wilt thou go with Me?

Ah! 'tis not enough for Me to save thee,
Nor to have thee follow Me afar;
Close beside Me I would ever have thee,
In a perfect oneness naught can mar;
Only come, my child, with Me;
I have need of thee.

All thy love I need to satisfy Me,
Nothing less could be enough for Me;
Lo, the marks of what it cost to buy thee
I shall bear through all Eternity.
All I had, for thee I gave —
Now thy heart I crave.

By the wrath of God My heart was riven;
He forsook Me, but I thought of thee;
And I purchased thee with life-blood given —
My beloved, wilt thou go with Me?
I have wooed thee, have I won?
Art thou all My own?

HEAVEN

I have no song to sing of jasper walls,
Nor pearly gates that gleam —
High mansions vaster than all vision-halls;
More fair than any dream.

Not all the glories can command my thought,
As shadowless they throng;
The myriad hosts of heaven move me not,
Nor stir my heart to song.

I seek for One before whose majesty
Those hosts in homage bow,
His looks are wondrous, very fair to see,
And crownèd is His brow.

His kingly mien stirs every heart to praise,
His eyes are very sweet;
I know His shining Face, I know His ways,
I know His hands and feet.

All splendour and all beauty meet in Him,
In peerless robes arrayed.
Before His presence other light is dim,
And heaven's glories fade.

Fair must it be — the fitly-fair abode
Of Him, the perfect One;
Planned by the lavish, boundless love of God
For His beloved Son.

Unhindered there, the wealth of God out-pours
Its largesse, all for Him;
For Him the colours glow from fadeless flowers.
The fountains flash and brim.

But if He left His home, whose light divine
Is brighter than the sun —
The gleaming gates and walls would cease to
shine,
Because the Light was gone.

No more the harps would thrill His praise along
Their swift-responsive strings;
Angelic hosts would hush their worship-song,
And droop with folded wings.

And I—amid those mansions fair and choice—
My heart would homeless be;
Could I not see His face, and hear His voice,
Heaven were no heaven for me!

TO-DAY

"His banner over me was love."—Song ii. 1.

Belovèd, Thou hast been so very dear,
Thy tenderness to-day has seemed so sweet,
That while I thank Thee in the silence here,
I long to lay some love-gift at Thy feet.

Thy gentleness has compassed me about.
Like a protecting cloud—a cloud of light;
And I have had no shade of fear nor doubt,
Watched by Thy love and guarded by Thy
might.

How could I doubt Thee, when Thy wondrous
care
Was as a shield from which each fiery dart
Fell harmless, and the worst the foe could dare
Had to pass Thee before it reached my heart?

The dreaded cross which Thou didst lift and
share
Was just a blessing Thy dear love had planned;
And that sharp pang of pain I had to bear
Was but the love-touch of Thy wounded hand.

The fellowship of friends whom Thou hast given
Was very sweet, because we talked of Thee;
But sweeter, dearer far, a taste of heaven,
Was that still time when Thou didst talk
with me.

What can I do, beloved One, but go
To souls who may have walked a drearier way,
And speak with lips which Thou wilt touch,
and show
All I have proven Thee to be to-day!

BABY

O dainty, dimpled child, how shall I show thee
To those who never look upon thy face?
How shall I teach my far-off friends to know thee
In all thy loveliness of baby-grace?

For if I tell of hair like sunlight shining,
A brow as pure as lilies newly grown,
Of cheeks as delicate as sea-shell lining,
And lips as sweet as roses hardly blown —

Of eyes-like pansies when the dew is on them,
As deep as wells, yet laughing like a brook;
Of lashes brown, with gleam of gold upon them,
That veil and sometimes hide the sweet,
bright look;

Of rosy hands in mischief ever prying,
And restless feet that patter everywhere;
Of fragrant breath, and long-drawn, thought-
ful sighing,
(As if our darling bore a load of care!)

Of silver baby-words and bubbling laughter,
And looks that change with changing joys or
fears;
Of pouts, and swift contrition coming after,
With woeful face and mist of rising tears —

Yet words are all too weak to show thy sweet-
ness,

And we must pity those who have not seen
Our dear embodiment of fair completeness,
Who reigns in all our hearts, a love-crowned
queen!

* * *

The loveliest eyes are closed, for she is sleeping;
The waxen hands are folded into rest;
The baby ears are deaf to all our weeping;
There is no flutter in the quiet breast.

The Lord of love Himself our darling wanted,
And even heaven is made more sweet, more
dear,
Because another lily is transplanted—
But ah! what empty, longing hearts are here!

* * *

Trust in God! be calm and fearless,
Though the shadows darkly loom;
Never night so black and cheerless,
But a light shall pierce the gloom.

Though the hours be filled with sadness,
Joy and morning song shall come;
Pain shall but prepare for gladness,
Storms are sent to drive thee Home.

AT COOL OF DAY

O my beloved, through the shadows walking,
I come just now to Thee;
'Tis cool of day, and there is time for talking—
Speak Thou, my Lord, to me!

All day I had fair glimpses, veiled and fleeting,
Of Thy dear, patient Face;
And every hour Thy love my need was meeting,
In wondrous, varied ways.

I felt Thy hand on mine, and every duty
Became so strangely sweet;
And lonely pathways blossomed in beauty
Because I heard Thy feet.

There was so much to do that I grew weary,
But my heart, fainting, heard
(Just when the way was very hard and dreary)
A needed, tender word.

And when I thought of others who were doing
Some splendid work for Thee —
Ah! Thou didst come with sweet, upbraiding
wooing,
And speak such bliss to me!

I heard Thee say, "Beloved child, no other
Could fill this place for Me;
My wisdom would not give it to another.—
This is My choice for thee."

And now the day is worn, and shadows stealing
Fold it in tender gray;
And lo, I come to nestle by Thee, feeling
Almost too tired to pray.

But Thy strong, circling love is all about me,
I hear Thy whisper fall.
O Lord, my Lord, what could I do without Thee?
Thou art my all in all!

"WHAT IS THY BELOVED?"

Song v. 9.

Dearer than earth's dearest,
Wondrous beautiful to see,
Nearer than the nearest
My Beloved is to me.
Sweet the eyes above me
Looking downward into mine;
Altogether lovely
Is the perfect Man divine.

Winsomely He woos me,
Holding all my heart in thrall;
Nor does He refuse me
Any gift—He gives me all.

All His wondrous treasure,
Riches varied, love-complete,
In unstinted measure
Pouring at my very feet.

If from Him I wander,
Still in love He follows me ;
And He points where yonder
Looming dark, a Cross I see.
Then I fall heartbroken,
Conquered, weeping, at His knee ;
Melted by the token
Of love's deepest mystery.

Pierced hands are holding
Mine so close, along the way ;
Tenderness enfolding
Makes me strong from day to day.
Wounded feet are keeping
Step with mine as on we go ;
And His care, unsleeping,
Watches, guards from every foe.

" Lips like lilies " ever
Speaking secret bliss to me ;
Patience failing never,
All unworthy though I be.
Night and morning showing
New delights my love to thrill ;
Fulness overflowing,
All my empty heart to fill.

Love that changes never
Shines resplendent from His Face ;
My Belovèd ever
Some new beauty shows, or grace.
Kingly and yet lowly ;
And my deepening wonder is
That my Lord should know me
Poor and vile, yet call me His !

BETHLEHEM

GOD . . . manifest in the flesh,—1 Tim. iii. 16.

A wondrous star ; a lowly manger ;
Meek oxen waiting at the stall ;
A mother holding close from danger
In her frail arms, the Lord of all !

Those tiny fingers — helpless, clinging —
Framed stars and sped them through the sky ;
The ears that heard the angels singing
Now listen to a mother's sigh.

Omniscience shrined in baby sweetness ;
Omnipotence enfolded there ;
God the Creator in completeness,
Dependent on a woman's care !

Well might His maiden-mother ponder —
GOD cramped in frail humanity !
Well might the hosts of Heaven wonder,
And fling His praises down the sky !

HOME-LONGING

O eyes that shine through the shadows,
Make all the darkness bright !
O lips that speak in the silence,
Speak some sweet word to-night !
I am lonely without Thee, Belovèd,
I am home-sick at Home to be ;
For I walk in an alien country
And my heart cries out for Thee.

This alien country has beauty,
Its treasures are fair to see ;
But it gave Thee no home and no welcome,
So it cannot be fair to me.
Sorrow and shame were Thy portion,
A Cross and a crown of thorn ;
And I would seek nothing, but only -
A share in the hatred and scorn.

Earth-music is brimming with laughter,
With never a note of Thy pain ;
Earth-songs may be lovely to others,
But empty to me, and vain.
Earth-love has its bane, and yet ever
Is lauded as pure and sweet ;
While Thy wondrous love, O Belovèd,
They trample beneath their feet !

The burden of earth is so heavy,
More than the heart can bear ;
And the burdened are falling beneath it,
The sorrow that Thou wouldst share.
O the groaning without Thy comfort,
The anguish and wailing by night —
The tears Thy hand may not banish,
The darkness without Thy light !

O eyes that shine through the shadows,
Make all the darkness bright !
O lips that speak in the silence,
Speak some sweet word to-night !
Draw back the veil that enfolds Thee,
Let me Thy beauty see ;
For always Thy love, O Belovèd,
Is blessèd and dear to me !

MORE

1 Cor. ii. 9.

Stars are shining in the distance,
Stars whose light we never see,
Though we scan the solemn heaven,
Strive to pierce its mystery ;
But they say the beams are speeding
Down the ages and the skies ;
And the light shall some day greet us,
Falling on our lifted eyes.

There is music, louder, grander,
Than is heard by mortal ear;
There are sounds among the flowers,
Lower than we ever hear.
Fragrant bells are softly ringing,
Swells the far-off harmony;
And I think, with quickened senses,
We shall hear them, by-and-by.

And I think that there are mercies
Greater than have yet been shown;
And I know that there are blessings
More than we have ever known;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Present peace to supersede;
Love above our highest longing,
Grace beyond our deepest need.

Think you that the tender Father,
Listening when His children call,
Stretches empty hands above us,
Saying "I have given all"?
No! New gifts He is preparing,
Needed, fitting, love-complete;
For His Father-heart is changeless,
And His power is infinite.

HIS VOICE

Child art thou weary?
Lie on My breast;
Let Me enfold thee—
I am thy Rest.

Is thy heart lonely?
How could it be?
Canst thou be ever
Lonely, with Me?

Do the clouds lower?
Dark is the night?
Lift thine eyes upward—
I am thy Light.

Art thou perplexèd,
Doubting the while?
Thou shalt walk safely,
Led by My smile.

Never can evil
Touch thee or thine;
How could aught hurt thee?
Child, thou art Mine!

THE ANSWER

I asked Thee, Lord, for liberty,
That I Thy burdens sweet might share;
I asked Thee for a heart set free
From earth-soiled love, and joy, and care;
To love but Thee I sought for years
With urgent cry and bitter tears.

Lord Jesus, Thou art answering prayer,
But ah! not as I thought or planned;
Thou sayest, "Here, My child, not there"—
And oftentimes dismayed I stand;
Though here is always to Thy breast,
And there my heart could never rest.

Thou chooseth strange and hidden ways
To make me only; all Thine own;
Thou sendest dark and dreary days
That I may joy in Thee alone;
Sweet human loving fails from me—
I must be satisfied with Thee.

And I am satisfied! The pain
Is deeper than my dearest know;
But Thou my portion dost ordain,
And I am glad to have it so.
Glad to be only, all Thine own,
And glad to walk with Thee alone.

Thou lovest in the darkest day
Of Thine own changeless love to tell;
Thou givest in the stormiest way
A peace that nothing can dispel;
And deeper than my deepest grief
I prove Thy tender, strong relief.

Thy love has heights and depths untold;
On that alone my heart must rest;
And when all else Thou dost withhold,
'Tis but to draw me to Thy breast;
And when Thy strokes are hard to bear,
I know that Thou art answering prayer!

WHEN HE COMES

Will Jesus come on a day like this,
When the sunbeam's burning and tender kiss
Thrills the waiting blooms to odorous bliss?
When touched by a finger of glancing gold,
The silken tree-buds awake and unfold,
And the sea looks up with a laughing glee,
And the answering sky smiles back to the sea?

Let Jesus come on a day like this,
None of earth's beauty my heart would
miss.

Oh how will the strong sun fade and dim
When these eyes see Him!

Will Jesus come when the storm rides high,
And the biting wind goes hurrying by,
And the whirling clouds are tossed in the sky?
When the angry waves with crash and roar
Fling a thunderous bulk up the sullen shore:
When the forest moans like a thing in pain,
And flowers are crushed by a pitiless rain?

Let Jesus come when the storm holds
sway —

None of the tumult my heart could stay:
Oh how will the clamour be hushed and
dim.

When these eyes see Him!

Will Jesus come on a summer night
When all of the cloudless, infinite height
Is spangled with quivering, clustered light?
When the mighty star-worlds do march apace
Through the solemn stretches of infinite space:
And the earth's sweet stillness is barely stirred
By murmur of water or note of bird?

Let Jesus come when the world doth sleep,
None of ~~the~~ night's magic my heart could
keep:

Oh how will the moonbeams fade and dim
When these eyes see Him!

Let Jesus come, be it night or noon,
When the sun doth shine, or the golden moon,
Be it storm or calm, so He come but soon!
In His peerless Person all glory shall glow,
All beauty and fragrance from Him shall flow:
The sun will be dark when I see His face,
Too small for my rapture the infinite space.

When Jesus comes, and His feet I kiss,
Naught of His glory my heart shall miss—
Oh how will my joy-cup overbrim
When these eyes see Him!

REST

The year just past
Has been so blest,
For I have learned
To know His rest.

He teaches me
To look above;
And day by day
I prove His love.

The troubled waves
Are dropped to calm;
And in the night
He gives a psalm.

Long years I spent
Unsatisfied
But now I keep
Close by His side.

My seeking soul
Has found her rest,
And I can sing
Upon His breast.

No earth-love now
My stay can be —
This is my song:
He loveth me!

CHILDREN OF A KING

"Changed into the same image." — 2 Cor. iii. 18.

They come from the uttermost parts of the
earth, we meet them in every land,
A mighty and glorious company, a holy and
happy band;
They walk in the crowded city, by the lonely
mountain-side,
They are known in the trackless desert, and
borne on the ocean-tide.

And a few are "born in the purple," their
clothing is rich and rare,
But many are poor, and their garments have
never been costly nor fair;
And some of them live in luxury, in palace or
stately hall,
And some of them dwell under lowly roofs,
and some have no home at all.

But in all who are called by the name of the
King, a kingly likeness grows —
Be they high or low, or rich or poor, ever the
kinship shows;

For the love that flows from a Father's heart
is shining in every face,
And their lives become more like His life, who
was "full of truth and grace."

So day by day on the upward path, made
bright by His wondrous love,
They pass through the world, a witnessing
band, on their way to the Home above;
And many shall swell the gathering hosts as
onward they march and sing,
And the angels of Heaven join in the shout of
the children of a King!

WITH THEE

"The close walk with Him is always a lonely
walk."

Yes, it is lonely, Lord! Not many follow
Close where Thy footsteps fall;
Taking in lowliness Thy yoke upon them,
Willing to give Thee all.

Lonely — for oft our dearest look upon us
With sad and alien eyes;
And old-time friends with whom we held com-
munion
Greet us with cold surprise.

And when we follow so, Thou often leade'st
Each one of us, alone,
Along some path no feet but Thine have
trodden,
No other heart has known.

Yet we would follow swiftly, gladly choosing
The way Thy love has planned;
For it is there we feel the tender love-touch
Of Thine own pierced hand.

'Tis there Thou meetest all our need and long-
ing

With perfect, matchless grace;
And in the night our souls are thrilled with
glimpses
On Thy belovèd Face.

And more than all we miss of human loving
We find at Thy dear side;
Thou art the tender Lover of Thy chosen,
And we are satisfied.

So day by day we gladly follow, knowing,
As but Thy loved ones can,
How blest are they who in a lonely pathway
Walk with the lonely Man!

THOU ART MINE.

Isa. xlii. 1.

"Thou art mine!" O Saviour dear,
Wondrous words Thy lips have spoken;
Kindly words dispelling fear,
Promise that can ne'er be broken!
On Thy faithfulness I rest;
Thou art pledged; and I am blest.

O to think that love like Thine,
Love beyond all comprehending,
Stoops to woo such heart as mine,
With a love that knows no ending!
I am safe, because Thine own;
Thou wilt keep whom Thou hast won.

Thou wilt hold in Thy embrace,
With a gentle, strong enfolding;
I shall see Thy lovely Face
In a rapture of beholding.
Perfect loveliness in Thee,
Perfect, perfect peace for me!

DAWN

Psalm cxlv. 9.

A gleam is on the water, for a light
Falls fair and golden from the brooding skies;
Too solemn-tender to be very bright,
Like mother-look that droops on waking eyes.

And faint and shadowy, but shining yet,
Dethronèd where she reigned, the moon is
seen;
Vanquished and sad, she seems a pale regret —
A dream, a memory of what has been.

Roused from their slumber by an unknown
power,
The birds awake, by sleep made glad and
strong;
And like a bud unfolding into flower,
The silence swells and trembles into song.

And I, by Love divine made glad, would fain
Outpour my grateful heart, as best I may;
I join the music of the bird-refrain
And praise Thee at the dawning of the day.

The whole wide world is compassed by Thy love,
Bounteous as air, enriching great and small;
And like the splendour streaming from above,
Thy benediction rests upon us all!

MY KING

2 Samuel ix.

Do you wonder that I love Him,
That His Name to me is sweet?
I was friendless, sad and lonely,
I was lame on both my feet.

Naught in me to win His favour,
Strength and beauty I had none;
But He sought me—I, the outcast,
He the King upon His throne!

And when I was brought before Him,
Filled with wonder, fear and shame,
Lo!—He spoke, my sad heart thrilling,
Making music of my name.
And His tenderness and sweetness
Made my empty heart His own;
From the day I saw His beauty,
I was His alone, alone!

Not of wondrous deeds of valour
Can I boast with tongue or pen;
Others fight and win His battles,
For my King has mighty men.
All that I can do is nothing,
I am helpless still, and lame;
I can only tell His kindness,
And the glory of His Name.

One dear theme is mine forever,
All my song shall be of Him;
All of Him, for with His goodness,
My full cup must overbrim.
He whose lips are sweet as lilies
Deigns to talk with such as I;
He has set me at His table—
—Who at His feet would lie!

He has met my deepest longing
With the marvel of His grace;
I am ravished with His beauty,
Daily gazing on His face.
What to me are earth-possession's?
He has raised me to His side!
With Himself, and with Him only,
All my heart is satisfied.

THY THOUGHTS

"No thought of Thine can be hindered." —
Job xlii. 2. (Marg.)

Thy wondrous thoughts, O Lord, are never
hindered,

They never fail nor die ;
Unnumbered and beyond all comprehending,
Deep in Thy mind they lie.

A thought of Thine is being moulded into being,
And lo ! a child is born ;
A flower unfolds its blooms of dewy fragrance,
Kissed by the radiant morn.

The sunlight glinting through a tree's green
network

Upon the grassy sod,
The snowflakes fluttering downward, purely
perfect —

These are Thy thoughts, O God !

The twilight folds in gray the sunset's glory,
Too tender to be sad ;
And we behold, in sea and hill and valley,
Thy thoughts in beauty clad.

The wind-swept woods are swaying, and the
streamlet

Whispers a rippling word ;
A bird flings out its throbbing song of tri-
umph —

Thy thoughts to music stirred !

And in the sullen wave's majestic fury,
The tempest's clang and moan ;
In steep of glittering ice-peaks, clothed in
grandeur,

Thy diverse thoughts are shown.

But not in all Thy marvellous creation,
In earth or heaven above,
Nor anywhere in form, or sound, or colour
Find we Thy thoughts of love !

Not in the famed temple, richly garnished
With gold and costly gem,
Built on the heights and crowning all the glory
Of fair Jerusalem —

But on a cursèd hill, outside the city,
There we a Cross behold!
And there we see, the while we watch and
marvel,
Thy thoughts of love unfold.

A suffering, dying Man, despised, forsaken,
Thy wondrous heart displays;
There, there in Him, we find love's culmination—
On Love Himself we gaze!

Thy precious thoughts to usward, Lord, and
for us,
Only in Him are shown;
Through Him they flow to us, and find fruition;
In Him Thy heart is known!

* * *

The Man who walked the shores of Galilee,
Or trod its tumult underneath His feet,
Who spake a word of power, so calm and
sweet

That storms were stilled, and peace was on the
sea;

The Man who touched with pure and tender
touch

A leper, making all his vileness clean;
Whose voice could speak away a woman's sin
So that her contrite, broken heart "loved much";
Who sits in glory on His Father's throne,

The victory won, all peril past and pain—
This Man has said that He will come again,
And gather to His loving heart His own.
These eyes shall soon behold His loveliness,
And I shall see His beauty "face to face!"

THE END